

THE LADY'S

MISCELLANY;

OR,

THE

WEEKLY

VISITOR.



FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIII.]

Saturday, May 11, 1811.

[NO. 3.]

KILVERSTONE

CASTLE.

A Tale.

(Continued)

Lord Wentworth was a man whose early life was dissolute and vicious; every degree of fashionable error was familiar to him; in his lasciviousness, he ruined half his vassals; in his ebriety, he mastered the Herculean cup of Alexander; in him, ignorance begat obstinacy; his resentment was insatiate; his will was arbitrary; and his whole domains groaned under his authority. Age and disease had weakened his faculties, but left his mind all unreformed. The churchmen took possession of his soul: they ingrafted bigotry upon the darkness of his understanding; wound up the springs of superstition; and, from the horrors of their doctrine, induced his avarice to bend in purchase of salvation. Large endowments had been made, and father Pe-

ter's monastery enriched with vast donations. The enmity to the old Lord Audley first gave rise to the prosecuted claim of his estates, and Lord Wentworth had devoted it, for a thousand masses more, to the same monastery. The death of old Lord Audley removed the object of the ecclesiastic's vengeance; but his estate, the object of his avarice, was yet in being. The active spirit of the young heir Mervil, and the respect his excellencies gained him, together with the determined purpose of appealing to the king in person, seemed to throw such obstacles to a design which fraud and iniquity could not support, that the father's subtlety was confounded. He was convinced that young Mervil would not be the same supine opponent that he had met with in the former Lord Audley, his father. He also reflected that the claim was founded in forgery; that the king, whose mind was not so bigotted as his predecessors, saw a little through the artifi-

ces and bigotries of the church, and therefore would give but little credit to the doubtful legends of a monastery.

The world already entertained suspicions of the artifices of ecclesiastics. Their large acquisitions had promoted jealousies, and thence their authorities grew distasteful. An apprehension of a discovery of this fraud brought many terrors. He reflected that the young Lord Mervil was now the only one remaining of his ancient house; and that, without an heir, his lands reverted to the lord. An easier passage this, than what he had devised in the days of Lord Audley.—The death of his son now would accomplish all his purpose.—The perpetration committed by his own hands precluded discovery, and left no accomplice to betray the treachery. With a callosity of soul inured to the vilest purposes, he resolved upon the horrid project; but a superior power interposing, held his hands, and frustrated his design.

Notwithstanding all these alarms, young Lord Audley was not entirely lost to the wholesome diversions of young men of his age and situation. Hunting was his favourite amuse-

ment. One morning he was called by some particular friends to join the chase. Willing to remove the melancholy ideas which had for some time possessed his mind, he accepted the invitation. The boar was roused, was fierce, and made the hunters exercise all their alacrity and skill. Lord Audley was separated from his friends; and only one companion left with him in the same thicket, a stranger, who, during the diversion, seemed merely a distant spectator; but, upon a nearer approach, appeared a spectator masked. The summer sun was vehement, and for the freedom of the air, the youth had opened his bosom, where the onyx shone with rays distinguishing some propitious moment was at hand. The stranger still approaching, seemed with very cautious looks to survey the wood, as if he feared their privacy might be interrupted. He drew near, when, opening his upper garment, and the mask being withdrawn, discovered him to be an ancient hermit, whose venerable look, and gracious countenance, bespoke benevolence and virtue. The appearance of such a person gave the youth some surprise; the secrecy of the place, the disguise, the

fresh impressions Father Peter had left, all conduced to make him distrust the holy looks of the hermit, and even to lose his confidence in the auspicious omens of his amulet. From his looks the stranger distinguished his ideas, and soon addressed him thus; 'Though you think me a stranger, you shall soon find, when I choose to reveal myself in my real character, that I very well know your situation, your troubles, and am not unacquainted with your late critical escape from the wicked machinations of a church monster. I knew his enmity to your venerable father; I knew his projects to dispossess you of your inheritance. I am no stranger to his influence over Lord Wentworth. The record with which he arms that infamous persecutor is all a forgery. My great esteem of old Lord Audley is not lessened in his son. I am now a stranger to you; some little time will reveal my real character. I have assumed this disguise to give you this intelligence, and to warn you of the evils which await you. Heaven permits that the Benedictine shall proceed in his iniquity, till, from the eminence, his fall shall become horrible. The sins of his house shall raise

it to its foundation; and the traces of the habitation shall be erased by the ploughshare. Thou shalt once more see my countenance, when peace shall bless thee. Virtue consisteth not in wrestling with the will of fate, but in sustaining the trials of life with fortitude and resignation; for God ordaineth, and his ministers execute. Whatever is, derives its origin from Heaven.'

(To be Continued.)

THE
MONK OF THE GROTTO.

A Tale:

(Continued)

Virginia, pale, trembling, and scarce able to breath, appeared to listen to the Marchioness even after she had ceased speaking. A dreadful idea flitted over her bewildered imagination, her heart beat with violence, and her whole frame was agitated. Eugenio at an entertainment, in full gaiety and spirits, while she was the prey of consuming grief!—The thought was death to her. On a sudden she called to mind the praises he had bestowed upon Rosalia; then quitting the Marchioness, with precipitation she flew to her chamber,

and spreading all Eugenio's letters on a table, sought, with bewildered looks, for those in which he had mentioned Rosalia. She read them attentively, and endeavoured to discover expressions which might justify her suspicion that Eugenio was actuated by a more tender sentiment towards his cousin than mere friendship.

A profound reverie succeeded this first, and perhaps too eager transport of the sensibility of Virginia; her eyes, veiled by her tears, slowly surveyed the different objects that surrounded her, all of which reminded her of Eugenio. There hung the drawings he had made for her: here lay the harp and the lute, on which he accompanied the romances which she took delight in singing; at last she fixed her attention on his portrait; it appeared to her as she had formerly beheld him when love animated his countenance; his soft smile, his fine dark eyes, so tender, yet so empassionate, recalled the perfect image of her lover, and made her tremble with affright and despair.

"It is thus," she said to herself, "he, perhaps, at this moment regards the happy Rosalia."

The reflection was too much to bear; she turned aside from the beloved object. Unable to resist tumultuous sensations and sad presentiments that oppressed her heart, and remembering the concert expressed by the Marchioness, and the interest with which she appeared to share in her affections, she exclaimed—

"Ah! doubtless I have not been informed of all; she has concealed something from me which she thought would give me pain. I will this instant hasten to enquire further. Uncertainty is the most dreadful of all miseries."

With slow steps she descended the staircase; she stopped at the door of the parlour; her whole soul was agitated, and a misty darkness seemed to float before her eyes. She summoned sufficient resolution to enter, but the Marchioness was not there. By one of those inexplicable contradictions to which the passions of mortals are subject, Virginia was rejoiced at not finding her—it was the absence of the judge who was to pronounce her doom. Her impatience and anxious curiosity were restrained by the more powerful operation of her fears, and she

enjoyed a certain degree of calmness in the ignorance of her destiny.

Virginia approached a window, and breathed the balsamic fragrance of the orange trees, then in full bloom, which the fresh air wafted to her. She revolved in her mind whether she should proceed to her mother-in-law's apartment, or wait for her in the parlour; the apprehension of finding the Marquis with her, induced her to adopt the latter alternative.

She had been several minutes endeavouring to recover her spirits, when her attention was attracted by a paper which the wind had blown from the table. Supposing it to belong to the Marchioness, she took it up, in order to replace it: but what was her terror and surprise when the first words that struck her sight were—

“Virginia is now erased from the heart of Eugenio; he loves Rosalia; I am convinced of it!”

She could read no more; she had not strength to reach the chair she had just quitted, but uttering an involuntary scream, fainted on the floor.

The noise she made in falling soon brought Laurina to her assistance; but the attentions and caresses of that faithful servant, though they restored her to life, were unable to withdraw her from the lethargy into which she was plunged. She remained near an hour staring wildly around her, her hands clasped in each other, and her heaving bosom convulsed with despair.

“My daughter! my dear daughter!” exclaimed Laurina. “Ah! what would be the feelings of Eugenio, were he to see you in this situation?”

“Eugenio! Eugenio!” repeated Virginia, in mournful accents, and immediately sunk into a state of apparent insensibility.

She was removed to her chamber, and put to bed, without the slightest effort on her part. A dangerous fever soon declared itself. The Marquis alarmed, could not conceal the concern he felt; the Marchioness hastened to divert him from so afflicting a spectacle; she remained three hours confined to her chamber with him, and at length succeeded in making him wholly indifferent to the fate of his daughter.

The SPECULATOR.

NUMBER XXVI.

SATURDAY, April 20, 1811.

*Great Idol of mankind ! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame !
But safe in deserts from the applause of
men,*

*Would die unheard of, as we lived un-
seen.*

*'Tis all we beg thee to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness, which themselves
requite*

*Oh ! let us still, the secret joy partake—
To follow virtue—ev'n for virtues sake !*

POPE.

The following piece, on the subject of *Justice*, has been in my possession some time, but unavoidably omitted—as it is of considerable length, I will spare the reader the trouble of perusing any comments of my own.

Mr. Speculator,

JUSTICE is a virtue that claims a superiority over all others ; having for its foundation the most solid principles of morality, and *impartiality* for its support ; it is governed by a desire of doing good, and its only motives, are the *general welfare of mankind !* These are the most prominent features of this *superior virtue !* but the various ways in which it may be administered, claim our more serious attention.

The derivation of the word, *Justice*, is *Right*—Every man has a natural right to the advantages and privileges of the nation where he is born, as he is obliged to obey and be under the subjection of its laws ; so has he a right to claim protection from them ; these benefits are reciprocal as the nation, and the individual, both enjoy equal privileges—This then is, what we may term natural right ; but when contended for, to an unlimited extent, it is not only an error but an act of injustice : as to any natural rights, that man may claim from providence, they are grossly erroneous and extremely unjust Providence reigns over all our actions and preserves us through all the perils and difficulties of this life, and as a fallen and dependent creature, Man can have no claim to this blessing ; but were he conscious of his error he would acknowledge the numerous bounties bestowed on him by providence to be 'the fruit and affect of *Sovereign Mercy.*'

JUSTICE admits of no exaggeration or extenuation, but is in all respects consistent—it is a virtue so comprehensive that it includes the most strict morality ; all other virtues

come under it, and vice of every description is excluded it regulates all our actions, and enforces every duty. It is a virtue of such rare ingredients that it requires the most singular penetration and discernment to discover Truth from Error as these two principles are frequently enveloped in a vail or mystery which it requires the most profound penetration to discover.

If a man is not remiss in the practice of this virtue to his fellow creatures, but neglects it to himself, he cannot strictly be termed a just man, that is to say, if by assisting or rendering a service to another he injure himself he is doing himself an injustice—for instance, a friend will request the loan of a certain sum of money for such a length of time, the request is complied with; though such compliance deprive the other of every cent of money he had or was likely to have at command, he is put to great inconvenience, he is perhaps a stranger in the neighborhood where he resides consequently the probability is, he can get nothing on credit, his family must suffer and he is content, because he has done an act of *Justice*, he has assisted a person in distress. But alas! what

delusion is this? does he not know that this *supposed* act of *Justice* is the greatest violation he could make to this best of virtues, and that to act with justice he ought to consider himself and family before any others. But should his circumstances be such as to allow him to relieve distress without making any sacrifice, Justice requires that he should do it, and he is equally censurable, as in the *other case* if he neglect it.

None ever violated the stern command of Justice but suffered either in body or mind.—Though law and justice should inseparably unite, it is frequently otherwise, custom too often overrules, and instead of being obeyed, it is treated with the utmost contempt. We have numerous instances even in the law, of the violation of this benign virtue; motives of *interest* will often interfere and the very place that we look to with consolation for redress, is frequently contaminated by the despicable principle of injustice. But when strictly and rigidly administered, it *Rewards, Revenges, Condemns, and Acquits*,—to a guilty mind it appears clothed with terror, but to the injured suppliant, it seems with mercy. This virtue is admired more than

practised for, the monarch who sways the regal sceptre with *justice* never has *many* enemies while the cruel and overbearing Tyrant is the subject of universal hatred. This is a striking proof that *this* virtue is generally admired and tho' it might with as much ease be as generally practised, the depravity of human nature is such, that its excellence alone appears to be the chief cause why it is thus shamefully disregarded.

Justice and *Mercy* are virtues that ought to be inseparably united, especially as they are the most prominent features of each other, in truth the one cannot properly exist without the other, as they are continually operating in conjunction, and are both actuated by the same laudable motives: no vain pretenders or dissembling hypocrites can escape the penetrating eye of justice for it keeps as anxious a watch over every kind of vice, as it does over virtue, and rewards and punishes where the same are due without respect to persons. Justice morally considered in a social and political virtue, calculated to promote mutual confidence and esteem *Merit*, the criterion of equity

must be pleaded for or against an object and decided accordingly, for as the great ruler of all things decides according to the merits of those who appear before his awful tribunal, so ought his representatives here, if they ever hope or wish when they shall render an account of all their past actions, to receive his sovereign mercy.

JOSEPHUS.

*** *Marcious*, and *Hector*, have been mislaid, but shall *positively* appear in my next; *Morlans* Essay on Suicide is unworthy of publication.

N.

The history of Cyrillo Padovano, the noted sleep-walker.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Disappointed in this he seemed greatly enraged, but not willing to return empty handed, he claps on one of the official silk vestments, and finding that he could carry still more, he puts on three or four more over each other, and thus cumbrously accoutred, stole off with a look of terror to his cell, there hiding his ill-got finery beneath his mattress; he laid himself down to continue his nap; about an hour afterwards, he got up, uttered some

incoherent ejaculations, and a short prayer, and again retired to rest. Those who had watched, during this interval, were curious to see his manner of behaving the morning after.

When he awoke, in the morning, he seemed at first surprised at the lump in the middle of his bed, and on going to examine the cause, he was still more astonished at the quantity of vestments that were bundled there—he went among his fellows of the Convent, enquiring how they came to be put there, and learning the circumstance from them, nothing could exceed his penitence and contrition.

His last and greatest project was considered of a still more heinous nature. A lady who had long been a benefactress to the Convent, happening to die, was desirous of being buried in the cloyster, in a vault which she had caused to be made for that, and similar purposes—it was there that she was laid, adorned with much finery and a part of her own jewels, of which she had great abundance.

(To be Concluded next week.)

EPIGRAM.

Thy beard and head are of a different
dye;
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye :

With all these tokens of a knave com-
pleat,
Should'st thou be *honest*, thou'rt a
dev'lish cheat.

Mr. Editor.

SIR,

I observed in your paper some time past the history of Cyrillo Padavano, the noted sleep walker.—The following circumstance occurred under my own inspection in the year 1802, at Arch Seminary, Yorkshire, England—A young gentleman of the name of Dent, son of Doctr. Dent, Thirsk, York, who now holds a lucrative and honorable government office in his native City; was with many others a student at the above seminary preparatory to our removal to Oxford, —Being out one evening to a card party in the town and returning late, I was surprised to find my friend and fellow student (Dent,) walking in the gallery of the house in seeming deep meditation, I accosted him but received no answer, which not being unusual I tripped on to my chamber and should have thought no more on the subject, had not one of our friends said to me one day, what can Dent do so much out of his room at night, this naturally excited our curiosity,

and caused us to pay a strict attention to his movements, the following evening we prepared to watch his progress never supposing it was the effects of sleep, at about a quarter past eleven he made his appearance on the grand staircase, and continued to range about the house for nearly two hours, then returned, this was continued for several evenings when we determined to speak to him and ask his reasons for such nightly ambulation—as usual he came from his room, walked about, being all this time completely dressed; for some time, when I went up to him took hold of his arm and observed it was late to be out, he made no answer, but still continued walking to and fro never making the least observation, all our endeavours to awake him was fruitless, when accident brought us down into the room appropriated for teaching music, and accidentally I touched the keys of a Piano Forte which immediately awoke him, he then began to scream violently and ran for some time, before his reason or recollection was returned, when I asked him if he had any idea of having done this, for many preceeding evenings, he said no, fearful some accident

might befall him he requested some one might sleep in his room, I volunteered my services and the following evening commenced my new occupation,—for several nights he continued the same system, and I found musick alone had the power to wake him, and I never knew it fail—I have seen him go through the action of shaving himself, dressing himself, get his breakfast, all in the dead hour of night; and under the effects of the deepest sleep—but what is more remarkable of all his feats was what I shall relate, the original writing of which is now in the possession of Mr. Pearse, the head master, of the said school,—about this time he began to study the Greek language and had first gone through the form of learning the characters of the Alphabet. A small task was set him, to translate a small portion of the latin testament, into Greek, for the following mornings exercise, this he mentioned to me several times in the evening, and remarked that he must rise very early the following morning, to finish it before the usual school hours,—what was my surprize! to see him rise as usual in the night, prepare his task, and complete it with-

out the least hesitation, without the aid of a Greek Lexicon, in correct legible Greek characters, which upon examination by the tutor, the following day proved equally correct in point of grammatical propriety after he had done, he took his usual walk, then returned to bed, I took away the manuscript, to see if he would know any thing of the matter in the morning, on the contrary when he arose early he set about his task, completed it, but with several errors—many other occurrences of a similar nature passed under my immediate inspection, the above will be curious enough perhaps to find insertion in your repository.

Egleterre.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

Splendid Cradle—The cradle presented to her Imperial majesty by the city of Paris, is made of silver gilt, inlaid with mother of pearl. The interior is lined with orange coloured velvet—the curtains are of lace,

embroidered with golden bees. The form of the cradle is that of an elongated square, (or parallelogram) a little rounded at the ends. It is supported by four Cornucopias, which cross each other, and by two little figures, one representing Justice and the other Power. Upon the sides of the balustrade are two Cameos, one exhibiting the figure of the nymph of the Seine receiving in her arms the child of the Gods, and the other the Tiber, who smiles at perceiving a new star arising from him. Upon the head of the cradle is seen the figure of Renown, holding in her hands the crown which governs France. In front is a little Eagle, which has its eyes fixed upon this emblem, and seems endeavouring to fly to the height of the star.

It is announced that 50 prizes will be decreed to the authors of the 50 best pieces in French Latin, Italian, and German verse, which shall be made upon the occasion of the accouchment of her Majesty the Empress and Queen. *Par. Pa.*

A fashionable Mode of Shopping.

Enter Miss Whimsical and her sister.—Have you any

petese cloth Sir, Yes Miss here, is a very fine piece. What is the price of it, Sir? Two dollars and a half Miss; it is very fine. It will not answer at that price, Sir—let me look at some of your handsome silk Velvets. What colour Miss? Not any particular colour Sir. Here are several pieces, pink, green, orange and scarlet, Miss—what is the price of this piece of orange Sir? Four dollars, Miss. Oh! my patience! why I saw just such as this at Mr. Ridges for three and a half—Pohy do you think this a handsome orange? No, I dont Maria I think Mr. Ridges is by far the handsomest colour. You can give me a sample of it Sir—it is not for myself, and if the lady likes it I will call and get it. Very well Miss—if you take it now you shall have it for three dollars and three quarters. I will take four yards and a half of it now if you will let it go at three and a half. Very good, Miss, you may take it. *I wil call again Sir.*

From the Gleaner.

'I will By and Bye.'

Zounds! sir, you may as well swear you'll never do it! I'm out of all patience with these 'by and bye' folks.—

"One hour of the present tense is worth a week in the future."

Why I know a bachelor as well calculated for matrimonial felicity as every virtue and every accomplishment can render him; but he has been putting off the happy time, from one year to another, always resolving that he would marry 'by and bye'—and by and bye,—till the best ten years of his life are gone, and he is still 'resolving,' and I fear 'will die the same.'

He that would gather the roses of matrimony should wed in the may of life. If you wish only the withered leaves and the thorns, why, poor Robert says, put it off till September.—'Procrastination is the thief of time.'

I made a visit last winter to see my old friend Jeremy Careless. When we put our horses in the stable, he took me to his barn floor to see some fine white wheat he had just threshed. I observed to him that one of the boards of the barn was near falling, and he had better nail it. 'I will by and bye,' said he. Things about the farm looked a little as though 'by and bye' folks liv-

ed there. Next morning the boys came running in with sad news. An unruly bull had torn off the board:—All the cattle had supped and breakfasted on the white wheat, and old Brindle, the best cow in the drove, was foundered so that she died. Now two nails, worth a penny—and five minutes of time would have saved the life of old Brindle, and the white wheat into the bargain.—‘A stich in time saves nine.’

Passing by my neighbour Nodwell's the other day I saw that his wife had made a fine garden, and the early peas were shooting luxuriantly above the ground. ‘It looks well’ said I, ‘neighbour—but there is a hole in your fence, which you had better mend or the hogs will ruin your garden.’—‘I will by and bye,’ said he. Happening to go by there two days after, I was half deafened with the cry of—‘Who-ee—who-ee—stu-boy—stu-boy.’ A drove of hogs had come along, and while my neighbour was taking a nap, they had crawled through the broken fence, and destroyed the labour of a week. ‘Never put off ’till to-morrow what you can do to-day’—poor Robert says—

A WHIMSICAL WAGER.

A wager of a very whimsical nature has lately been made, and has not, as we understand, been yet determined. A sporting gentleman proposed to deposit 50 guineas that he would find a man in the room where they were sitting, who should any time within a month, fight any man *of equal weight and age* in the kingdom: the deposit to be forfeited if an adversary was not produced within that time. This proposal was immediately accepted by a gentleman of the Turf, who could perceive nothing Herculean in the appearance of any of the company; but what was his surprise, when the proposer pulled out of the chimney-corner—*an old man, upwards of ninety years of age, and as light as a butterfly!*

The intrepid veteran, than whom nothing more fragile and shadowy ever yet appeared in a human form, readily undertook the contest, if a suitable competitor could be found. But of this there seems to be very little chance; for besides the difficulty of procuring such another *atom* of a man, how can they expect to bring a buffer of the *last century* on the stage?

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, May 11, 1811.

"Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the time

CORONER'S REPORTS.

On Tuesday the 7th, inst. the body of a man, divested of clothing, was taken out of whitehall-slip—supposed to have been drowned. The body was much injured by having, probably lain a long time in the water, both hands were off. A spread eagle was pricked on the upper part of his right arm. Name unknown.

James Ross, seaman, on board the ship Gov. Strong, a native of Weatherfield (Con.) on Thursday in a state of intoxication, fell down in a convulsive fit, and died instantly.

On Thursday morning, at No 104 Bowery-lane, Arthur C. Beaumont, formerly attorney at law, fell down stairs in a state of intoxication, and striking upon his head, broke some of the internal blood-vessels, and died in the course of the day.

Married.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev Mr. Earl, Mr. Oliver A. White, to Miss Sarah M. Bates, daughter of John P Bates, all of this city.

On Thursday morning, by the rev. Dr. Beach, Frederick Philips, Esq. to Miss Maria Kemble daughter of the late Samuel Kemble, Esq.

At Willingford (Conn.) on the 2nd inst. Mr. Henry Whittelsey, of Catskill, to Miss Lavinia Tyler, of the former place

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. John Williams, Mr. Ethan Adams, to Miss Clarissa Jones, both of this city.

At Mount Pleasant, on the 24th ult. by the rev. Emanuel L. Carvalho Mr. Jacob S. Solis, of this city, to Miss Charity Hays, daughter of Mr. David Hays, of mount pleasant, N. Y.

On Monday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Lyel, Mr. John Kennedy, to Miss Ann Dealing.

At Philadelphia, George Laydell, to Miss Mary Heyberger; and Thomas B. Ogle, to Miss Martha Towers.

Died.

On Friday morning, after a long and painful sickness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation, Elizabeth Chester, wife of Nicholas Chester.

At Washington, in the 30th year of her age, Mrs Catharine Loxley Smith, wife of John A. Smith, esq. chief clerk in the war department. Few better women ever lived. She was ill 16 months—lived and died a christian of the first grade.

And the next day, also died, John A. Smith, esq. age 37. Thus have the parents of two infant sons, been consigned to one grave.

Near Poughkeepsie, Captain Samuel Fleming, in the 59th year of his age—an intelligent officer of the Revolution.

On Monday morning last, Mrs. Martha Coon, wife of Mr. Godfrey Coon.

At Mount Pleasant, on the 30th ult Lieutenant Hugh Stuart, formerly of the Royal Garrison Battallion.

On Tuesday last, the aged and much respected rev. Dr. Rogers, late Pastor of the first Presbyterian Church in this city.

At Philadelphia, John Smith, aged 80, a native of Great-Britain.

On Wednesday afternoon, after a short illness, Mrs. Eliza Gamage, wife of Dr. John Gamage, in the 42d year of her age.

On Wednesday morning, of a lingering illness, James Gatty, a promising youth aged 13 son of Henry Gatty.

On Wednesday, of a lingering illness, in the 34th year of his age, Mr. Moses A. Kempton.

A short time since, at Newburgh, William Seymour. The remote cause of his death was a fall down the hold of a ship several years ago, whereby the spinal marrow was injured, and has by degrees consigned him to the grave. Newburgh must mourn the loss of one of the most valuable townsmen—one who as it were gave the first impulse to its industry. Those with whom he was acquainted must regret the loss of so good a man. The author of this paragraph knew him well, and knew him long, and as a trifling tribute dedicates it to his memory.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

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For the Lady's Miscellany.



TO MRS. A. C. F.

(Concluded—From last week.)

With every virtue that adorns the mind,
And adds a grace to beauty's other
charms;
With Sensibility and Wit combined,
What mortal would not wish her in his
arms.

But ah! I fear the long expected day,
When hope, half promised, I should call
her mine—
Will never come, or else is far away,
And I unpity'd longer must repine.

Fortune, oh grant! an humble suppli-
ant's boon,
Among thy favour'd followers let me
rank;
Enable me to call sweet Ann my own—
And then, oh thee! I'll ever, ever thank.

*Epigram, occasioned by the Words "One
Prior," in Burnet's History.*

One Prior!—and is this, this all the same
The Poet from th' Historian can claim!
No; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,
When 'tis forgot one Burnet ever wrote.

From the Boston Centinel.

"HYMNS FOR INFANT MINDS."

[Not long since, we gave two ex-
tracts from a publication which
had recently appeared in Eng-
land, under the above title, and
which had there become deserved-
ly esteemed for its moral and ap-
propriate design, and its simple
but beautiful diction. We are
now happy to observe that a copy
of these "Hymns for Infant
Minds" has reached this country;
that they are in the press of
Messrs Munroe & Francis, and
will be published in a few days—
These "Hymns" (seventy in
number) should be put into the
hand and impressed upon the
mind of every child—as from the
precepts they inculcate, the most
pleasing and beneficial moral ef-
fects may be produced.

HYMN XXVI.

"Jesus said, suffer little Children to
come unto me."—BIBLE:

As Infants once to CHRIST were bro't,
That he might bless them there,
So now we little children ought
To seek the same by prayer.

For when their little hands were spread
And bent each Infant knee,
"Forbid them not," the SAVIOUR said;
And he says so for me.

Though now he is not here below,
But on his Heavenly hill,
To him may little Children go,
And seek a blessing still.

Well pleas'd that little flock to see,
The SAVIOUR kindly smil'd.

Oh then he will not frown on me,
Because I am a Child.

For as so many years ago,
Poor Babes his pity drew,
I'm sure he will not let me go
Without a blessing too.

Then, while this favor to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do then thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear Jesus! on my head.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

From Scott's lay to the last minstrel.

BREATHES there a man, with soul
so dead,
Who never, to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him
burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wand'ring on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go mark him
well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despise these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentred all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

An Epigram.

Says Johnny to Paddy, "I can't for
my life,
"Conceive how a dumb pair are made
man and wife,
"Since they can't with the form and the
parson accord."
"Says Paddy, "You fool! they take
each other's word."

On the Death of Dr. Secker, late Archbishop of Canterbury.

While Secker liv'd, he shew'd how
Seers should live;
While Secker taught, heav'n opened
to our eye;
When Secker gave, we knew how
angels give
When Secker dy'd, we knew e'en
Saints must die.

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